

PART 1

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# BEAUTIFUL CANADA

OR

## SCENES FROM OUR HOME LAND



Published by

W.A. HART

TORONTO,  
CAN.





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QUEBEC FROM POINT LEVIS.

# “BEAUTIFUL CANADA”

OR

SCENES FROM OUR HOME LAND



## INTRODUCTORY

“Breathes there a man with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,  
This is my own my native land !  
Whose heart hath ne’er within him burn’d,  
As home his footsteps he hath turn’d,  
From wandering on a foreign strand !”



FRONTENAC TERRACE.

**P**ATRIOTISM, or a love and devotion to one's country, prompts to obedience to its laws, to the support and defence of its existent rights and institutions, and to the promotion of its welfare.

A Persian ambassador in France had a right sentiment, although he possibly carried it to an extreme, when every morning, before he went to his duties, he formally saluted



a piece of sod dug from his native soil, to remind him that in all the transactions of that day, he was to think of the interests of his country.

A Spartan mother, when she gave her boy his shield as he went to war, said to him, "Bring this back, or come back upon it."

This love of country and devotion to its interests, must be based upon a stable and intelligent foundation. A true patriotic spirit cannot subsist if one's country is little more than a great desert, or a barren rocky waste. A patriotic people must also live in the enjoyment of freedom. By continued enslavement the national spirit is broken and subdued. There must also be a good degree of intellectual and moral culture of the inhabitants, which will prompt them to industry, frugality and morality, and guide them in the application of these virtues to every day life.

Cousin makes a mistake when he says, "Give me the map of a country, its climate, its waters, its winds, its natural productions, its physical geography, and I will tell you the character of its inhabitants, and the place it will occupy in history."

The North American Indians possessed for centuries the fertile prairies, rich mines, navigable rivers, and abundant resources of this land, and of the North West, yet they did not become wealth to them. But a wonderful transformation has taken place, under the intelligent skill of another race.

Many of the great nations of the past possessed great material resources and advantages, but their doom testified that something besides these was necessary to secure permanent national prosperity.

The word "Canada" is said to have originated thus : The Spaniards had visited the country previous to the French, and made partial searches for gold and silver, and finding none often said to each other, A-can-nada (there is nothing here.) The Indians, who watched closely, learned the sentence and its meaning.

After the departure of the Spaniards, the French arrived, and the Indians, who did not desire their company, and supposing they were also Spaniards come on the same errand, frequently said to them, A-can-nada. The French, who knew as little Spanish as the Indians, supposed this was the name of the country, and so called it.

How blessed it would be if this title, "There is nothing here," were true of our beloved Canada in so far as political corruption, social evils, and religious bigotry are concerned; but it is not true in reference to material resources, opportunities for intellectual culture, and moral development.

We shall be unworthy sons of noble sires, who have sent down to us such a grand heritage, if we allow the land for which they made so many sacrifices, and in which their remains are buried, to become impotent to sustain a vigorous national life, or its people to become enslaved by sinful habits. Let it be understood that we join ourselves to no





INTERIOR OF THE BASILICA.(Quebec)



party that does not carry the red, white, and blue, and keep step to the music of British connection, or at least Canadian Independency.

“ Let other tongues in other lands,  
Loud vaunt their claims to glory,  
And chant in triumph of the past,  
Content to live in story.  
Though boasting no baronial halls,  
Nor ivy-crested towers,  
What past can match thy glorious youth,  
Fair Canada of ours.



ST. LOUIS GATE.

We love those far-off ocean isles  
Where Britain's monarch reigns ;  
We'll ne'er forget the good old blood  
That courses through our veins.  
Proud Scotia's fame, old Erin's name,  
And haughty Albion's powers,  
Reflect their matchless lustre on  
This Canada of ours.

Long may our country flourish then,  
A goodly land and free ;  
Where Celt and Saxon, hand in hand,

Hold sway from sea to sea.  
Strong hearts shall guard our cherished home  
When danger darkly lowers,  
And with our life-blood we'll defend  
This Canada of ours "

In the publication of " BEAUTIFUL CANADA," in which we shall present selections from our picturesque and charming scenery, and briefly outline the history of our country, its resources, and its prospects, we hope to foster and develop this patriotic spirit, and to impress upon our young people that it is possible for them to work out for themselves a useful and an honorable career in " This Canada of ours."

Many, to-day, at much expenditure of time and money, cross oceans, and traverse continents, that they may look upon the scenes of other lands, when they have not sailed upon our own magnificent lakes and rivers ; nor gazed upon our cataracts, grand and resistless, hymning continuously the omnipotence they represent ; nor climbed our mountains that rear their peaks above the clouds, and look down from their snow-crowned pinacles upon the clouds that float, and the storms that rage beneath.

We should thoroughly know the beauties, resources, and consequent possibilities of our own country, and then we shall more intelligently study and admire the resources of other lands.



. . . . QUEBEC . . . .



*LAVAL UNIVERSITY AND GRAND BATTERY.*

**W**E appropriately begin our sketches with the City of Quebec, “the spot where the most refined civilization of the Old World first touched the barbaric wildness of the New,” and where nature, in rich profusion has scattered her most picturesque and beautiful scenery.

Here we tread upon historic ground, consecrated by fact or tradition to the memory of the heroic deeds of the early settler, the military commander, or of the Missionary of the Church of Christ.

For a detailed and graphic history of the early days of this unique city and its surroundings we refer the reader to such writers as Parkman and Le Moine, contenting ourselves with but brief references to a few salient points.

During the early part of the 16th century, under the reign of Francis I, the enlightened monarch of France, the French began their gallant career of explorations in the New World.

In 1492 Christopher Columbus, under the patronage of Queen Isabella of Spain, had discovered America. When the news of this notable event reached Europe, it aroused the spirit of emulation in the governments of other countries, and as a result, many expeditions across the Atlantic were undertaken for the sake of fame and gain. Many discoveries were made, and islands, and the coast in many places were explored and possession taken on behalf of the governments represented.

In 1534, the enterprising King of France, authorized Jacques Cartier, a noted navigator, to undertake an expedition of discovery in the New World.

The Empress of Spain and Portugal having already established colonies across the Atlantic, protested against the action of Francis I. He sarcastically replied, "I should like to see the clause in our Father Adam's Will and Testament which bequeaths to my royal brothers alone so vast a heritage."

Cartier successfully made the journey, touched several islands, and the mainland at various points, and finally located at Gaspé, an Indian term for Land's End. Here he erected a cross thirty feet high, and took possession of the land in the name of France.

After further explorations Cartier returned to his native land, taking with him two Indians. They told him of a great river that led up into the country, of the abundance of timber and of fur-bearing animals on its banks, and of the magnificence of the scenery.

These statements fired the adventurous Cartier with a desire to return and explore this wonderful river and country. This he did in less than a year. He sailed up this noble river upon a day sacred to one of the saints, and on this account called it St. Lawrence.

In the pursuance of his journey, he at length came to a high bluff projecting into the stream, while from the opposite side there arose green heights, stretching out to meet the bluff on the north.

One could scarcely imagine a more majestic portal to the country beyond than this strait, less than a mile wide. It was an impressive frontispiece to the unread volume of beauty and resources with which Cartier's successors were destined to become acquainted.

On the summit of the table land on the north side of the river, an Indian village, called Stadacona, was discovered. The tribe was the Algonquin, and its chief was Don-na-co-na, whom Cartier afterwards took with him to France.

Near this location, where the St. Charles river enters the St. Lawrence, Cartier moored his vessels, and spent the winter. In May, of the next spring, he erected a cross with the arms of France upon it, in token of having taken possession of the country on behalf of his sovereign, and set sail for his native country.

On account of a war with Spain, five years elapsed before another expedition was sent across the Atlantic. Lord Roberval was given a commission as viceroy of the new colony, and was placed in charge of the expedition, with Cartier second in command.





ST. LAWRENCE RIVER FROM THE CITADEL.





Circumstances arose that made it necessary to send Cartier across the Atlantic alone, Roberval following the next year. Cartier ascended the St. Lawrence as far as the present Lachine Rapids, which he was unable to pass, and therefore, he returned and wintered at Cape Rouge, and set out for France in the spring. He died soon afterwards, but because of his skill and bravery as a navigator, and because of his eminent services in the interests of his country, distinguished honors were bestowed upon his memory, and upon his heirs.

The ambition of Francis I seemed to have been, not merely to found a new colony, but also to find a way to India by sailing to the westward. Having failed in the latter



THE BASILICA AND FABRIQUE STREET.

project, and because of the severity of the winters, the hostility of the Indians and wars at home, little was done for French colonization in the New World during the next fifty years. In the meantime, enterprising fishermen and traders in furs crossed the Atlantic and plied their business in the waters and on the land of New France. In 1603 a company was formed to carry on the work more vigorously.

An expedition was undertaken, in charge of Samuel de Champlain, a common sense, broad minded and chivalrous captain of the French Navy. It would require a volume to tell of his travels, adventures, discoveries and wise measures he employed to establish a colony in the new land. Suffice it to say, in the pursuance of his work he crossed the Atlantic twenty times, when it was more of a task to cross than it is to-day. He came

up the St. Lawrence as far as Montreal, ascended the Ottawa River, explored Lake Nipissing, passed down the French River into what is now known as Georgian Bay. Turning south he followed the coast until he reached Penetanguishene. From this point he followed an Indian trail far inland, visited several lodges of Indians, and at length reached the present site of Orillia.

Having crossed the Narrows at Lake Couchiching, he coasted down Lake Simcoe, and by portage and stream, finally reached the River Trent, and passed down the Bay of Quinte to Lake Ontario. He had many fierce conflicts with hostile Indian tribes, and several times narrowly escaped death. He was sanguine as became an adventurer, and self-denying as became a hero. He loved good fellowship, and was sincerely and enthusiastically religious. In his checkered life he met with many reverses and discouragements, but he exemplified the beautiful words of Longfellow, when he says :

“ But noble souls, through dust and heat  
Rise from disaster and defeat  
The stronger ;  
And conscious still to the divine  
Within them, lie on the earth supine  
No longer.”

In 1612 Champlain was appointed the first Governor of Canada, and zealously devoted himself to the promotion of the interests of the settlers and of the Indians. He manifested a great interest in the self-denying labors of the Missionaries of the day, and did much to aid them.

He founded Quebec, his first work being to prepare the ground for raising vegetables, rye and wheat. He did his utmost to induce the settlers to clear and cultivate the soil, rightly judging that upon this permanent national life must be based.

After an active, eventful, and we may honestly say useful life of nearly thirty years, spent in the interests of the French in Canada, the beloved Champlain passed to his reward on Christmas Day, 1635.





MONTMORENCY FALLS.







# Beautiful Canada

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SCENES FROM

OUR HOMELAND

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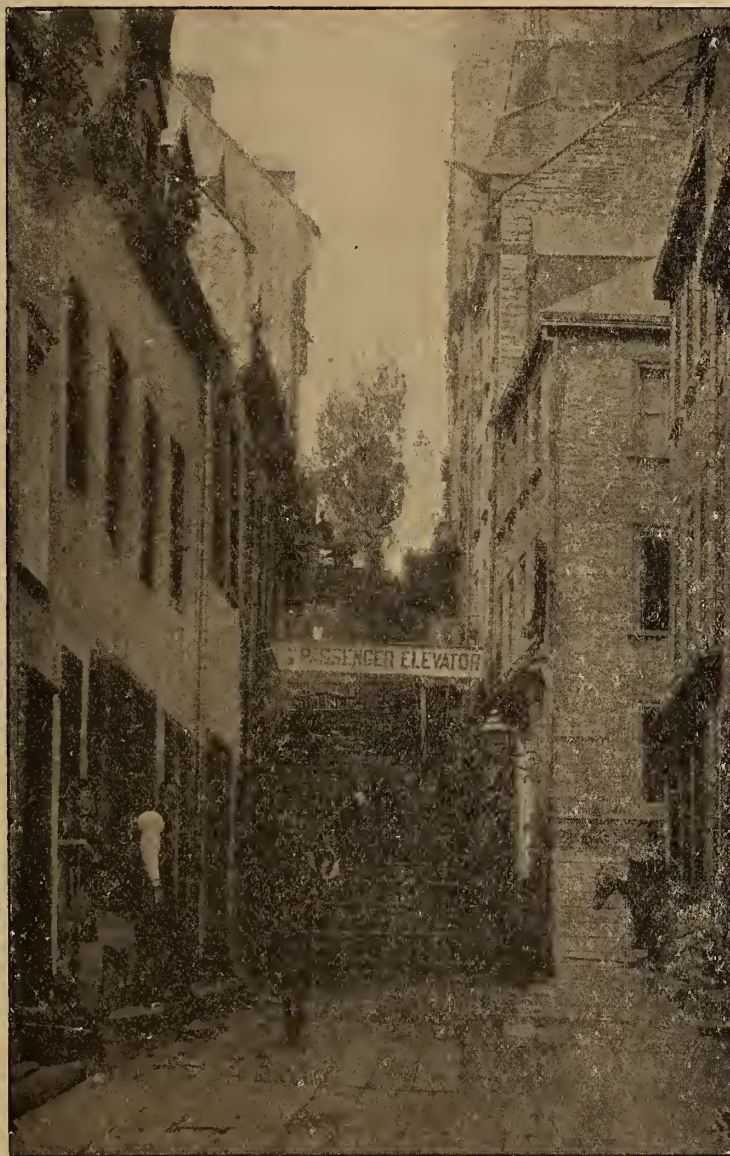
CHATEAU FRONTENAC, QUEBEC.

## QUEBEC—(Continued).

### SCENERY.

"I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes  
With the memorials, and the things of fame  
That do renown this city."

—SHAKESPEARE.



BREAK-NECK STEPS.

There are wonderful combinations of beauty, grandeur, and strength at almost every turn of the majestic St. Lawrence. Hawkins, in his "Pictures of Quebec" says, "the scenic beauty of Quebec has been the theme of general eulogy. The majestic appear-



ance of Cape Diamond, and the fortifications, the cupolas and minarets, like those of an eastern city, sparkling in the sunlight, the noble basin, like a sheet of purest silver, in which might ride with safety 100 sail of the line, the graceful meandering of the River St. Charles; the numerous church spires, on either side of the St. Lawrence; the distant Falls of Montmorency, the park-like scenery of Point Levis, and the beauteous Isle of Orleans, all combine to form a landscape that is scarcely surpassed in any part of the world.

It is doubtful, if any other city furnishes the visitor so many hallowed objects of historic interest, and so many hallowed spots, as does Quebec. Advancing civilization has robbed it of some of its natural picturesqueness, and of some of its ancient landmarks, yet it still retains many monuments of a by-gone age. This quaint and unique city lies nestled upon a plateau, which, on the bank of the St. Lawrence, rises into a headland 333 feet above the water level, called Cape Diamond, and which is crowned by the citadel, covering forty acres. Thus is furnished at once a magnificent site for a city, and an impregnable fortress, that rivals the world renowned Gibraltar. There is an upper and a lower town, connected by winding steps and streets.

Some hold the name Quebec is of Indian origin as is derived from an Algonquin word *Quelibec* meaning "narows," or "a strait." A missionary among the Micmacs, a branch of the Algonquins, says in their dialect *Kibec* has the same meaning. Others claim that when Jacques Cartier's pilot saw Cape Diamond, he exclaimed, in Norman French, *Que bec*—"what a beak"—hence the name.

#### MONTMORENCY FALLS.

About seven miles from the city are to be found the picturesque Montmorency Falls, formed by the waters of the river of the same name plunging over a precipice nearly 300 feet high. Although these falls are inferior in volume and majesty to Niagara, yet they are replete with interesting surroundings. As the rising mist catches and reflects the rays of the sun, the prismatic colouring is sometimes exquisitely beautiful. In order to fully appreciate the beauty and grandeur of the scene, one must descend the flight of dizzy stairs to the base of the Fall, and gaze upon this immense volume of water as it makes its headlong plunge.

In the winter time, at the foot of the Fall, a huge cone of ice and snow is formed by the freezing of the falling spray. To such a height does this cone attain, that it is often used as a toboggan slide. Thither repair pleasure seeking parties from Quebec, and the vicinity, and engage in this exhilarating, though somewhat dangerous method of enjoyment. It is said, on one of these joyous occasions, an officer of the British troops, and a lady, in descending the cone, the toboggan shot from the beaten track, and plunged





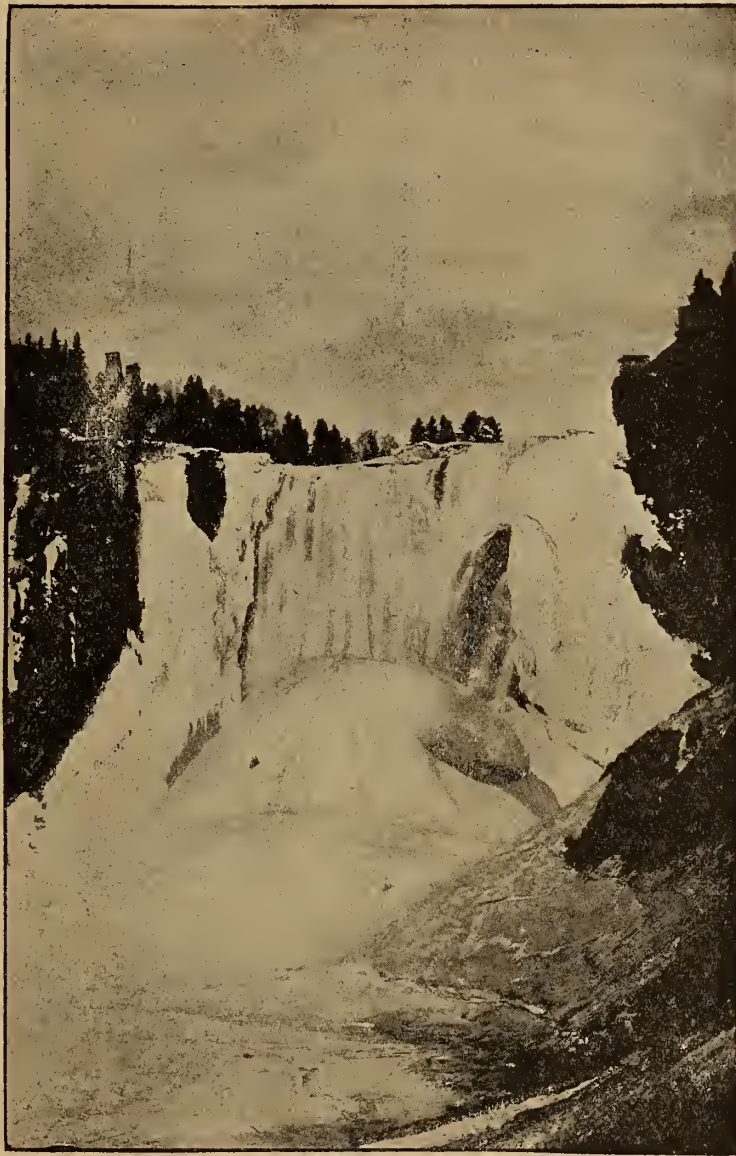


ENGLISH MAN OF WAR.



them through an opening in the ice on the surface of the river. Their remains were never recovered.

At the head of the Falls, on either bank, not far from the brow of the cliff, the massive towers of the old suspension bridge still stand as memorials of a sad event that occurred many years ago. The bridge built between these piers, spanned the river just



MONTMORENCY FALLS

at the brink of the Falls, and while a farmer and his wife were crossing it in their market cart, it gave way. They were swept over the precipice and lost their lives.

Just above the Fall, beautifully situated, is to be seen a white mansion, once occupied by the Duke of Kent, father of our gracious Queen Victoria,

## THE BASILICA.

This name was first applied in Athens to buildings in which public business was transacted, and afterwards in Rome to stately edifices of an oblong shape, generally used for the administration of justice, and for other public purposes. In course of time, public buildings in which religious services were conducted were called Basilicas. In Quebec, the Basilica is a Roman Catholic parish church, whose erection was commenced in 1647 by Bishop Laval, and was consecrated in 1666. This edifice was destroyed by Wolfe's batteries at the conquest, but was afterwards rebuilt.

It is the oldest church in North America, and is situated on the eastern side of the old Market Square, in the upper town. Its length is 216 feet, its breadth 108 feet, and its seating capacity four thousand. It is distinguished rather for its solidity and neatness, than for splendor or regularity of architecture. On its wall are hung many rare and notable paintings, some of which were brought from France for safe keeping during the revolution. Within its walls were interred the remains of Laval, Frontenac and others of Quebec's noted historic characters.

## LAVAL UNIVERSITY.

Laval University had its beginnings in the Seminary of Quebec, founded in 1663 by the princely prelate Francois de Montmorency Laval, the first Bishop of Quebec. At his death in 1708 he bestowed upon it as an endowment all his personal property. Originally the Seminary was designed for the benefit of clerical students. Several times has this institution suffered from fires, and as often has it been rebuilt, so that the present building is comparatively modern, being of the French Mansard roof style, with handsome cupolas on the east and west ends. In the centre towers a dome, surmounted by a gilt iron cross, of the modern Grecian pattern..

In 1852 the Seminary enlarged the sphere of its operations, and obtained a royal charter, erecting Laval University, named after the founder of the Seminary. The University maintains four faculties, viz., Arts, Law, Medicine, and Theology Seminaries. Its library contains over 55,000 volumes, its various museums are thoroughly furnished, while its art gallery will well repay inspection. The University building extends to the very edge of the promontory, and from the central dome a magnificent view of the surrounding country is obtained.



## GATES OF THE CITY.

At the time of the English occupancy of Quebec, the more exposed parts of the upper town were furnished with fortifications, through which passages were cut and protected by gates. There were six in all, but three of them, viz., Hope, Prescott, and Palace gates were removed because of the demand of commerce, and because of the thoroughfare which thronged Mountain Hill from the Lower Town.

Happily, however, in the interests of Historic Quebec, All Saints, Kent, and St. John's gates still remain. In accordance with Lord Dufferin's plans for the embellishment of the modern city, these three gates have been rebuilt in a style that does credit to



PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS.

the taste of the public spirited viceroy who was instrumental in securing their restoration. Kent gate was built at the expense of Queen Victoria.

## THE CITADEL.

The Citadel and the fortifications that enclose it are situated on the summit of Cape Diamond and cover about forty acres, furnishing ample room for quarters and parade for at least 2,000 men, and for the manipulating of heavy artillery. It is at present garrisoned by Provincial volunteers, and from its bastion cannon can sweep the country from all points of the compass.

This Citadel, which resisted so many attacks in the earlier history of Canada, has had immense sums of money expended upon it, in order to make this Gibraltar of the New World capable of resisting the most improved methods of attack.

Admittance to this fortress is gained by passing through the Chain Gate, formed of interlaced iron chains, and from thence through a series of deep winding military trenches.

“Much has been told in prose and verse of the loveliness of the view from the Citadel in the bursting of the springtide sun ; of the glorious spectacle shining in the noontide heat ; of the multicolored hues of autumnal tints ; and the gorgeous landscape when it has donned its winter garb, and every roof and tree, and shrub shrouded in icy cerements sparkle in the bright light of the sun, or in the silver light of the moon.”

Competent judges declare the view from this summit is not excelled by the much extolled scenes of other lands.

While we rejoice to have such a stronghold as the gateway to our noble Dominion, yet we earnestly hope the day is far distant when there will be no necessity of using it in actual warfare.

### QUEBEC, HISTORICAL SKETCH (Continued).

By the death of Champlain, on Christmas Day 1635, the struggling colony lost a capable and heroic leader, and the Indians a staunch and trusted friend. His was a pure life amidst abounding licentiousness, a consecrated Christian life amidst prevailing indifference, and a life of unselfish devotion to the interests of his patrons, instead of making traffic with the Indians exceedingly profitable to himself, as he could easily have done. At intervals he wrote three volumes, giving an interesting account of his voyages to Canada, and of his experiences in the new colony. He also published a summary of christian doctrines, which was translated into both the Huron and the Iroquois languages.

His memory is still revered by a grateful people, and the results of his life's work are his enduring monument. Some time before the death of Champlain, companies were organized for the purpose of carrying on the lucrative fur trade with the Indians. Angry disputes having arisen between the rival companies concerning the territory each should occupy, and in reference to business transactions, Montmorency, the presiding viceroy was persuaded to give a monopoly to one company, with the hope of thus putting an end to the unseemly disputes.

But it was found that corporations can be as greedy of gain as are individuals, and can easily drift into the policy of making financial interests the controlling motive in all business transactions. Because of selfish and domineering conduct, the charter of this company was revoked in 1627, and a new one instituted upon a broader basis, and was called, “The Company of One Hundred Associates.”

At an early date, in France, Charles II. was compelled to sign a decree making the tenure of lands and titles in the case of dukes and counts hereditary, thus laying the





THE HARBOUR, QUEBEC.





foundation of the Feudal system in that land. This new trading company was invested with similar powers, and thus was transferred to the New Colony, the Feudal system of France,—called also the Seigniorial Tenure. In 1854 this right was abolished by act of Parliament, and in lieu of it, a large sum was placed in the hands of the Government, to be paid to the *seigneurs*.

In 1629, Sir David Kirke, on behalf of England, captured Canada from the French, but it was restored in 1632. Upon the establishment of peace, and better business relationships, the spirit of adventure again plumed its wings, and resulted in the extension of the domain of France westward to the Mississippi, and southward to the Gulf of Mexico.



KENT GATE.

The chief settlements of the French were in Canada, while the English were located in Massachusetts, Connecticut, and in various parts of what are now the New England States.

In 1689 war was declared between England and France by Louis XIV. in order to aid James II. then an exile in France, in recovering his throne from William III. Prince of Orange. The contest reached across the Atlantic, and once more involved the colonists in a struggle for supremacy. Count de Frontenac, Governor of Canada, made an unexpected and successful attack upon the New England Colonists. In order to plan and organize a method of defence, a congress of representatives from the various English

colonies was summoned to meet in New York in May 1690. After careful deliberation it was agreed to send Sir William Phipps, in charge of a fleet, to attack Quebec, and to despatch an army by land to capture Montreal.

Sir William Phipps made a gallant and valorous attack upon the Gibraltar of the New World, but so skilfully and bravely did Frontenac use his advantages, that the English after a desperate struggle were compelled to retire, leaving the French victorious. When the commander of the land force was informed of the defeat of the fleet he abandoned his purpose of attacking Montreal.

When the news of the victory reached the King of France he caused a medal to be made bearing the inscription: "Francia, in Novo Orbe, victrix; Kebecca liberata, A.D. 1690." France victorious in the New World, Quebec free, A.D. 1690.

The event was further commemorated by the erection of a Church in the town of Quebec and dedicated to "Notre Dame de la Victoire."

During many years that followed the French and English colonists were involved in many fierce and destructive conflicts in the struggle for supremacy, and through the effort to obtain a monopoly of the fur trade with the Indians.

In 1698 the brave and gifted Governor Frontenac died in Quebec, amidst the universal and heartfelt regrets of his people. He was born to rule, and "would have been a great prince if heaven had placed him on a throne." He had great influence with the Indians, and knew well how to use it in the wild warfare of that day. He had bitter enemies who worried him, and even succeeded in securing his recall to France, but they found themselves unable to successfully govern the colony when they had the opportunity, and Frontenac was sent back to the responsible post, amidst the universal rejoicings of the people. At the time of his death everything seemed to indicate the permanent supremacy of France in the New World. The chiefs of the Indian tribes were in alliance with the French, and at every strategic point the white flag of France floated over a rude fort. But it was not so to be. The sturdy Anglo-Saxon, given to the cultivation of the soil and to the promotion of productive industries, while not unused to war, was destined to seize the reins of government and guide the policy of the young and vigorous colony on this side of the Atlantic.

We must be here to work ;  
And men who work, can only work for men,  
And not to work in vain, must comprehend  
Humanity, and, so work humanly  
And raise men's bodies still by raising souls  
As God did first. —Mrs. Browning.



THE CITADEL AND TERRACE, (FROM UNIVERSITY.)









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WOLFE MONUMENT



Great men mark different epochs of the world's history, and stand like tall pines amidst a forest of less conspicuous individuals. They are investments made for the good of the race, and cannot be appropriated by the age in which they live. Their ability and work may not be appreciated during their lifetime, but after their departure mankind will, with reverent step, visit their graves, erect suitable monuments to their memory, and greatly enjoy the benefits of their labors.

The early settlers of any country, who endure many privations and suffer many hardships as they lay the foundations of productive industries and of civil, educational, and ecclesiastical institutions, place their successors under lasting obligations and devolve upon them also great responsibilities. "He who has no respect for yesterday, simply



CALECHES.

because it was yesterday, can have no true respect for to-day, because to-morrow, to-day will be yesterday."

A study of the early history of our country brings to our notice several heroic and public spirited men, who faithfully devoted themselves to the promotion of what they considered to be the best interests of their country. To some of these we shall refer in this number.

From the death of Count de Frontenac in 1698, until the taking of Quebec in 1759, there was an almost continued series of attacks and counter attacks upon the part of the French and the English, aided by such Indian allies as each were enabled to secure. Much skill and bravery were displayed by the contending armies, and many terrible

hardships were endured by the soldiers and settlers. In 1759 the final campaign of the English against the French was undertaken. The comprehensive scheme included an attack upon Fort Niagara, upon Ticonderoga at the outlet of Lake George, and upon Quebec.

General James Wolfe was entrusted with the expedition against Quebec. He had already distinguished himself as a commander in the English Army, and the Government had the fullest confidence in his energy and ability, and paid him a great compliment by entrusting to him so difficult a task. Bancroft, the American historian, says of him, "His nature, at once affectionate and aspiring, mingled the kindest gentleness with an impetuous courage, which was never exhausted nor appalled. He had studied the science of war profoundly, joining to experience an active mind, and the vehement passion for immortal glory overcame his inclination to repose."

On the 26th of June, 1759, Admiral Saunders, with a large fleet, entered Quebec harbor, General Wolfe being in command of the troops that accompanied him.

At first, the young General was appalled at the formidable task assigned to him. There was the naturally almost inaccessible stronghold, fortified by the most approved methods and manned by valiant soldiers, commanded by that military genius, General Montcalm. However, nothing daunted, Wolfe disembarked his army on the Isle of Orleans, occupied Point Levis and the eastern bank of the Montmorency River. In a short time, by the use of the guns on land and on the warships, he bombarded the city, and soon succeeded in demolishing or burning the lower town and in seriously injuring the upper town. But the Citadel his guns could not reach, nor dare his troops venture within range of the cannons, with which the promontory of Cape Diamond fairly bristled. Every avenue from the river to the cliff was too strongly entrenched to make an assault advisable, and Wolfe's aggressive spirit chafed under the enforced delay.

He carefully inspected the Montmorency, and the St. Lawrence above Quebec, but everywhere he beheld natural fastnesses vigilantly defended, and entrenchments, boats, and floating batteries guarding every accessible point. After several futile attempts to take the city, resulting in serious loss of life, Wolfe became somewhat broken in health and greatly disheartened.

In writing to a friend he said, "My constitution is ruined, without the consolation of having done any considerable service to the State, and without any prospect of it."

However, he rallied from this despondency, and knowing something must be done before winter set in, he daringly planned and carried out a project which led him to victory and to the grave. While carefully reconnoitering he discovered the cove which now bears his name. Leading from this to the summit of the precipitous promontory he found a winding path, so narrow that two men could scarcely walk in it abreast. On the summit there were only a few tents, as it seemed to Montcalm unnecessary to guard such an







FRONTENAC TERRACE.



inaccessible point. The valiant Wolfe resolved to make the attempt to climb this steep cliff, gain the Plains of Abraham in the rear of the city, and there bring Montcalm to battle.

The night of the 12th of September was chosen as the time for carrying out this daring scheme. Wolfe instructed James Cook, afterwards the renowned navigator, to sound the water off Beauport and to plant buoys there, as if an attack were intended at this point. Orders were given for the fleet to be in readiness to make a feigned attack on the Beauport fortifications, while the bulk of the army was to move up the river, drop down under cover of night to Wolfe's Cove, climb the precipice, surprise the guard, and attack Quebec from the rear.

Early in the evening of this memorable night the heroic Wolfe visited the stations to



ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.

make a final inspection, and to utter his last words of command and encouragement. About one o'clock at night he and the necessary troops entered boats and glided down the river with the ebbing tide. As they silently floated down the stream, Wolfe repeated from Grey's Elegy what proved to be a prophetic utterance :

“ The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
Await alike the inevitable hour,  
The path of duty leads but to the grave.”

In due time some of the troops landed and began clambering up the steep declivity, staying and aiding themselves by the boughs and trunks of the stunted trees that shaded their pathway. Fresh reinforcements were promptly transferred from the barges, and a continuous line of brave British soldiers was kept moving towards the summit. A six-pounder gun was the only piece of heavy artillery the British were enabled to drag with them up this difficult pathway. Upon reaching the summit the British soldiers surprised and captured the French guards, and thus enabled eight thousand of their comrades to join them unhindered.

At sunrise the next morning the plaided Highlanders and the English red coats were massed in position on the plains of Abraham, ready for victory, captivity, or death. According to pre-arrangement, an active bombardment began from Point Levis and from a portion of the fleet. This action demanded the attention of Montcalm to this part of the city, and completely deceived him as to the real purpose of the enemy. At length the British troops were discovered on the Plains of Abraham, and a messenger was at once despatched to carry the intelligence to Montcalm. He was amazed beyond measure and could scarcely credit what was told him. However, nothing daunted, he summoned his troops to action, and gave command to proceed out of the gates of the city and dislodge the British. The Governor advised, and even ordered delay until a larger force could be collected and the plan of action could be more carefully considered. But the impetuous Montcalm, too confident, perchance, because of past successes, and underestimating the pluck and staying power of the British troops, disregarded all counsel for delay, and gallantly led his forces on to battle. This great haste is believed to have been a tactical mistake on Montcalm's part.

Keeping step with inspiring martial music, the French sallied forth to dislodge the invaders. Wolfe passed along the line and spoke words of encouragement to his troops, and urged them not to fire without orders. With implicit confidence in their brave General they stolidly received the fierce onslaught of the French, and quickly filled any gap made in their ranks by the well directed fire of the foe. When the French had advanced to within fifty yards of the English, there was heard Wolfe's ringing word of command, *Fire!* With great coolness and precision round after round of deadly bullets were poured into the ranks of the French.

At length the native militia broke and fled, and even the veterans of France, after stubbornly contesting the position, began to show signs of wavering. Wolfe, although severely wounded in the wrist and side, immediately laid hold of this advantage, and placing himself at the head of the grenadiers gave the command—*Charge?*

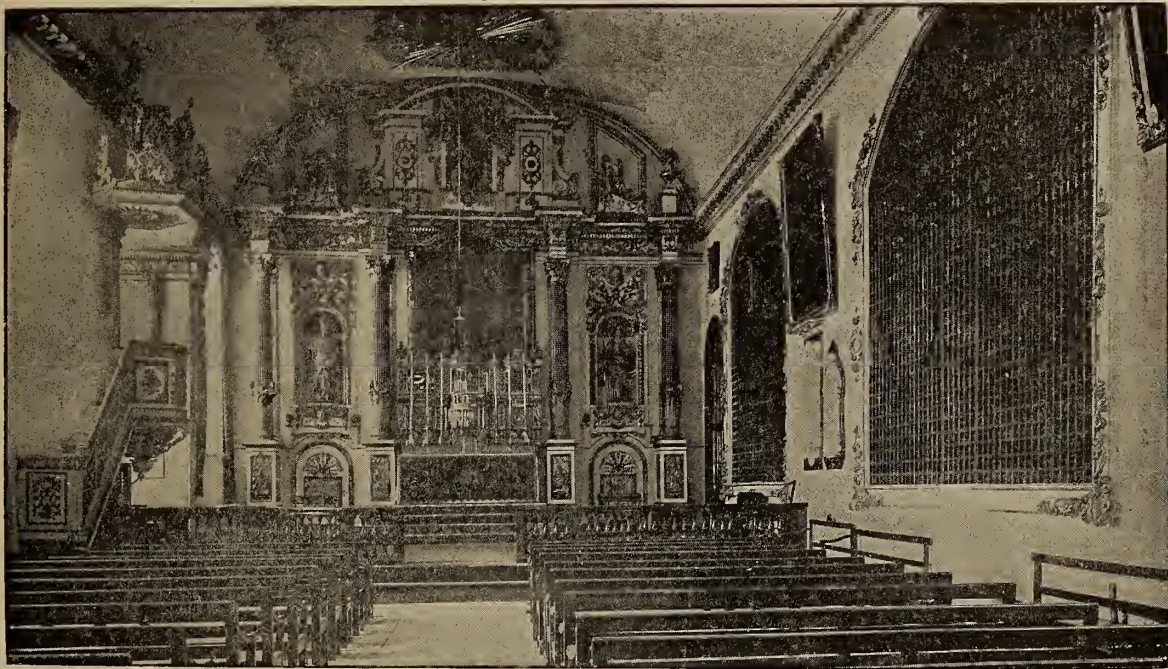
Promptly was the command obeyed, but the heroic general, leading his brave troops, was mortally wounded. Staggering into the arms of an officer, he said, "Sup-



port me, let not my brave fellows see me fall." Tenderly and sorrowfully he was carried to the rear. Nevertheless, his troops gallantly pressed on to obey the command of their leader. They were met with determined resistance from the French, who were however, at length compelled to give way and flee.

An officer, standing by Wolfe, and watching the battle, exclaimed, "See! they run! they run!" The dying hero asked, "who run!" He could not for a moment think it possible that his sturdy Highlanders, and dogged red coats, should give way before any foe. The officer answered, "The enemy sir; they give way everywhere." Wolfe replied, "Now God be praised, I die content," and in a few minutes expired.

Like a ship, at full speed, arrested with sudden ruin on a sunken rock, the troops of Montcalm staggered, and broke before the wasting storm of lead from well aimed



INTERIOR OF THE URSULINES CHAPEL.

British guns. The chivalrous Montcalm was borne from the field also mortally wounded, and died before the next morning.

Rarely have two such gallant, patriotic, and trusted commanders met upon the battle field, and it is a noteworthy event that both, so soon, and so near each other, should lay aside their carnal weapons, and rest together in peace, in the quietude of the grave.

"In the race that led to glory's goal  
They won, and passed away."

Ancient history may be ransacked, and the pages of fiction searched in vain, to find

an event more replete with thrilling and touching incidents than the taking of Quebec by Wolfe.

The remains of Wolfe were conveyed to England, and were buried at Greenwich. A monument was erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey, and another on the Plains of Abraham, to mark the place where he fell. On the latter was inscribed the simple but significant words "Here died Wolfe, victorious, Sep. 13, 1759." Montcalm's remains were buried at the Ursuline Convent, Quebec, and his tomb is to this day a point of interest in this quaint historic city. Not far from the spot where Wolfe died to gain, and Montcalm shed his blood to save half a continent, an admiring people have erected to their memory a joint monument, on which is inscribed, "Valor gave a common death, history a common fame, and posterity a common monument."

"Wolfe and Montcalm! two nobler names ne'er graced  
The page of history, or the hostile plain;  
No braver souls the storm of battle faced,  
Regardless of the danger or the pain.  
They passed into their rest without a stain  
Upon their nature or their generous hearts.  
One graceful column to the noble twain  
Speaks of a nation's gratitude, and starts  
The tear that Valour claims, and Feeling's self imparts."

"For four generations now have vanquished and vanquisher lain silent in the grave, but their old-time chivalry links their names forever in Canadian annals, and gilds with undimmed lustre one of the most thrilling episodes in the history of the two nations."

Three days after this memorable victory, Quebec surrendered, and the flag of Great Britain supplanted that of France.

On the 8th of September, 1760, all Canada surrendered to the British Crown. Three years later the cession of the country to England was confirmed by treaty, and closed the rule of France in Canada, after it had prevailed for more than one hundred and fifty years.

Bancroft, in his history of the United States, says, "When Quebec fell, America rang with exultations, the hills glared with bonfires, legislatures, the pulpit, the press, echoed the general joy. Provinces and families gave thanks to God. England too, which had shared the despondency of Wolfe, rejoiced at his victory, and wept for his death. Joy, grief, curiosity, amazement were on every countenance."

"O Canada, my native land thou art,  
Like a young Titan in the giant spring  
Of thy wild youth. Let Anarchs seek thy heart  
To pierce with poison that can have no sting





The Ursulines Convent, N.Y.

URSULINES CONVENT.





For one like thee. Faith, valor, virtue bring  
A crown from many nations unto thee !  
Be firm and true, and high thy banner fling  
Then thro' the future will thou ever be  
The chosen land of peace, and love, and liberty."

### URSULINE CONVENT.

This institution, a beautiful representation of which is given in this number, was established in 1639, and is the oldest convent in America.

It owes its origin to the missionary zeal of Madame de la Peltrie, and Marie de l'Incarnation, two women, whose devotion to religious work has received the commendation of poets and historians. The latter was the first Superior of the convent, and in the prosecution of her work, mastered the Huron and Algonquin languages, devoting herself specially to the education of Indian girls.

The building was burned in 1650, and again in 1686, when the present structure was erected. In its beautiful grounds are embraced seven acres of land. In the institution there are forty nuns, who devote themselves to the instruction of girls, making this one of the foremost French educational institutions on this continent. The chapel contains many valuable paintings, works of noted artists on the continent of Europe.

In the Chaplain's parlor, under a glass globe, and upon a richly adorned mat, is exhibited the skull of that immortal French hero, Montcalm, whose remains are interred within the precincts of the convent. An interesting object in this convent is a votive lamp, lighted 150 years ago by two French officers upon the occasion of their sisters taking the veil, and kept burning ever since, except for a short period during the siege of 1859.



Time and space forbid our dwelling at length upon the romantic history, and upon the picturesque, beautiful, and sublime scenery which abound in such rich profusion in and about this unique old city. But we cannot say good bye to these charming and historically suggestive scenes without, at least, calling attention to other objects of interest.

Quebec is pre-eminently a military city, which, with its narrow, steep, and crooked streets, lying at the base of the defiant fortress, presents a marked contrast to the cities of the New World, with their straight, broad, and unprotected streets, dwelling without fear in the security of industrial peace.

Dufferin Terrace, named after, and built at the suggestion of our recent public-spirited Governor General, Lord Dufferin, furnishes a splendid promenade and a magnificent view of the surrounding country.

Spencerwood, where resides the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province, is delightfully situated in eighty acres of land, the drives and park of which are replete with beauty. This official residence commands a splendid view of Cape Diamond, the Citadel, the St. Lawrence, and the Point Levis shore. Here generous hospitality is dispensed, and here, from time to time, the leading citizens of Quebec, and of other Provinces, are permitted to meet, making this not only a centre of social enjoyment, but also of intercommunication.

Near the Lieutenant-Governor's residence is the beautiful home of Quebec's capable historian, Mr. J. M. Lemoine, F.R.S.C. In the same vicinity are several other picturesque villas, with spacious and ornamental grounds.

Mount Hermon and Belmont are two well kept cemeteries, studded with beautiful and tender memorials of departed loved ones. The Hotel Dieu, one of the best equipped hospitals in the country, and capable of accommodating 650 patients, was founded in 1639 by a niece of Cardinal Richelieu, and is situated on Palace Street.



MARTELLO TOWER.

The Martello towers, four in number, were built to protect the wards outside the walls of the city. These towers are circular in form, built of stone, the walls on the side facing the country being thirteen feet thick, and seven feet thick on the side facing the city. Each tower carries seven guns.

In a word, as we traverse this city, we are impressed that we are walking upon historic ground. Almost every street, and very many of the buildings, have interesting tales to tell, relics of the fierce contests of the past, and memories of departed worth and glory abound and are suggested on every hand.





THE ICE-BRIDGE.







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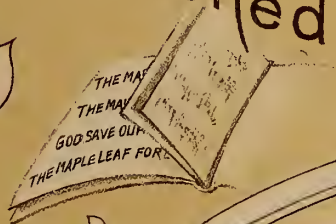
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# BEAUTIFUL CANADA OR SCENES FROM OUR HOME LAND



Published by **W.A. HART**

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SILLERY COVE.



## QUEBEC SOCIALLY.

So should we live, that every hour  
May die as dies the natural flower,  
A self-reviving thing of power ;  
That every thought and every deed,  
May hold within itself the seed  
Of future good and future need.  
— *Whittier.*



MONUMENT "AUX BRAVES."

Socially, Quebec is one of the most charming cities in the world. Its inhabitants are distinguished for their hospitality and for the heartiness with which they endeavor to

make strangers feel at home while sojourning in their city. It is a favourite summer residence for Canada's Governors-General—all of whom make it their place of sojourn for several months each year. Her Royal Highness, the Princess Louise, during her residence here, made many beautiful sketches of the charming scenery, which have been utilized in paintings and engravings.

One writer says of the Canadian *habitant*: "He never hurries, never worries, but goes through life in a happy-go-lucky spirit, always ready to leave his work for a day's fishing, or a fete, and he dances as merrily as if no cold winter could ever overtake him. The roads through the country are notoriously bad, and his little two wheeled cart is nearly upset every market day, but he smiles serenely, and never thinks of repairing them. A bright New York child who was once travelling in Quebec said: 'I wish I was a little Canadian.' When pressed for a reason, she answered, 'They have lots of fun, never do anything but dance and fish and go to Church! The *habitant* uses little meat: but milk and eggs, potatoe pie and bacon fried in maple syrup are favourite dishes.'" As a class they are strikingly conservative.

In the city of Quebec there is much that is quaint, many links that bind the present to the past, but in most regards it is modern, indeed quite up to date. But there is a marked contrast both as to mode of life and cast of thought when the *habitants* through the Province are visited. In some parts are to be found families living on the lands their forefathers took in feudal tenure from the first seigneurs of La Nouvelle France. Women in many places still work in the fields, and young girls of the humbler classes hire out for the harvest, together with their brothers. Much of the harvest is brought to the barn on a heavy cart drawn by one horse, and even oxen are extensively used for the heavier hauling. Quebec has the honor of originating the "buckboard," a vehicle so well adapted to rough roads, and now very extensively used in our Canadian Northwest. The houses are usually small, low, and plainly furnished, and the shops in the villages are simple in design and plain in construction. Very many of the barns are thatched, and out-door ovens, with bark roofs to shed the rain, are extensively used. Many of the grandames still wear tall caps modelled after those Jacques Cartier left among the village folk on the cliffs of St. Malo three centuries ago.

Very many French Canadians refuse to adopt modern agricultural implements, and carry on their farms much in the same way as their grandfathers did. Among the *habitants* are many curious wedding customs. One is, during the bridal supper to steal one of the bride's slippers, or even her hat or cloak, and compel the groom to redeem the article at a good price, the proceeds being spent in treating the company.

These people live quiet and usually moral lives, and upon them the cares of life sit lightly. They manifest a gentle suavity in their manner, and an unaffected hospitality to strangers, and a cheerfulness of spirit that are very commendable. .







LAKE BEAUPORT.



“ Canada was a true colony, and has remained the most successful French attempt at colonization. From various causes, Louisiana has failed to keep her nationality intact. But in Lower Canada, the spirit of Champlain and La Salle, the spirit that kept up the fight for the flag of France long after the few acres of snow had been abandoned by the King, has always remained the same, and still animates the *habitant* in the back woods. The French Canadian has always fought for a faith and for an idea, hence they have remained French. Whatever the cause, there is no doubt of French nationality. The north shore of the St. Lawrence is more French than is the south, where the proximity of the United States and the influence of the English settled in the Eastern Townships are sensibly felt. From Montreal downward, the towns, of course, excepted, you are to all



RAFTING AT SILLERY.

intents in a land where English is not spoken. Below Quebec, far down to the Labrador coast, is the most purely French portion of all.”

The current of modern civilization which has overspread this continent has not materially affected many parts of the Province of Quebec. Here are preserved in the New World many of the manners, customs, laws, and institutions, together with much of the speech and dress of an Old World people in a feudal age.

Before leaving the City of Quebec, there are two other points of interest that demand special mention.

## SILLERY.

This is the name of a parish with about 3,000 inhabitants, situated about three miles from Quebec, and well worthy of a visit.

The Chevalier de Sillery, Knight of Malta, and formerly a high official at the court of Queen Marie de Medicis, having renounced the pomp and vanities of the world, devoted his vast resources to missionary work among the Indians.

Among his endowments was the foundation of a Christian Algonquin village just above Quebec, which the Jesuits named Sillery, in his honor. In this parish still stands the same mission house from which, in 1637, devoted missionaries went forth to carry the gospel message to the savage Indian tribes on the shores of Lake Huron and Lake Superior, and even so far distant as in the regions of Hudson's Bay. The stalwart frame of this first residence, modernized of course, and turned to secular uses, is as firm as of old, and good for a century to come.

On the river front, where Sillery is situated, are several coves, in which vast rafts of lumber and timber are sheltered and are loaded on lumber ships for England and other lands.

Sillery, laden with sacred and stirring memories, is reached by the Grand Alee and Cap-Rouge Road, or by a pleasant sail up the St. Lawrence, amidst picturesque scenery on either side.

## MONUMENT "AUX BRAVES DE 1760."

After Quebec had surrendered to the English, the French made an attempt to regain possession, and undo the results of the Conquest. On the Ste. Foye Road a fierce battle took place and many were slain. The St. Jean Baptiste Society of Quebec erected this monument to commemorate the heroism of the brave men who perished in defending the city.

" Few, few shall part where many meet,  
The snow shall be their winding sheet,  
And every turf beneath your feet  
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre."

—*Campbell.*



## ADIEU QUEBEC.

Adieu, the city's ceaseless hum,  
The haunts of sensual life adieu !  
Green fields, and silent glens ! We come  
To spend a sweet short hour with you.

In bidding good bye to the interesting and historic scenes of this quaint old city, and in going forth to study the charming and refreshing scenes of the country, we, in the homely language of James Whitcomb Riley, say :



BEAUPORT ROAD.

“ I'd rather lay out here among the trees,  
With the singin' birds and the bum'l'bees,  
A-knowin' that I can do as I please,  
Than to live what folks call a life of ease,  
Up thar in the city.  
For I really don't 'xactly understan'  
Where the comfort is fer any man  
In walkin' hot bricks an' usin' a fan,  
An' in enjoyin' himself as he says he can  
Up thar in the city.

It's kinder lonesome, mebbe you'll say,  
 A-livin' out here day after day  
 In this kinder easy, careless way ;  
 But an hour out here is better'n a day  
     Up thar in the city.  
 As fer that, jus' look at the flowers aroun',  
 A-peepin their heads up all over the groun',  
 An' the fruit a-bendin the trees 'way down.  
 You don't find such things as these in town,  
     Or, ruther, in the city.

As I said afore, such things as these,  
 The flowers, the birds, an' the bum'l'bees,  
 An' livin' out here among the trees,  
 Where you can take your ease and do as you please,  
     Makes it better'n the city.  
 Now, all the talk don't 'mount to, snuff,  
 'Bout this kinder life a-bein' rough,  
 An' I'm sure it's plenty good enough,  
 An' 'tween you an' me, 'taint half as tough  
     As livin' in the city."



### . . . THE ST. LAWRENCE . . .

GRECIAN mythology teaches that Jupiter had a pain in his head; Vulcan opened it, and Minerva sprang forth, full armed. She had no infancy, nor girlhood, and did not grow like other mortals, but came on the stage of action ready for the practical duties of life. So the mighty St. Lawrence has not a source in the ordinary acceptance of that term. It was never a rivulet, nor an unnavigable stream, but was broad and deep and ample from the beginning. It was born great, and from its formation near Kingston, until it is lost in the sea, it not only forms the connecting channel between the great lakes and the ocean, but pursues its course with massive volume, and imperial sweep, navigable from start to finish. For about a thousand miles it forms the boundary line between two great nations, bestowing incalculable blessings upon both. Its banks never overflow from freshets, nor is its volume sensibly diminished by drought. It receives a great many tributaries :









some dashing their crystal waters round sharp angles, over cascades, down gravelly bedded rapids, or loitering in deep rock-bound pools abounding with nimble salmon and other fishes ; some bring their turbid waters through their sinuous courses in the rich soil, but all are absorbed and assimilated, and given the azure hues of the waters from the great lakes.

The St. Lawrence "is as grand as the La Plata, as picturesque as the Rhine, and its waters as pure as the lakes of Switzerland." At some points in its course it is less than a mile wide, at other places it is more than fifty miles across.

Throughout the entire course of this magnificent river, from Kingston to the sea, the voyager is greeted with a continuous round of surprises in so far as picturesque and thrilling scenery is concerned.

### BEAUPORT.

Passing down the St. Lawrence from Quebec we come to Beauport, a quaint old village, with a few hundred inhabitants, stretching from the St. Charles River to Montmorency Falls. In 1759 Montcalm made his headquarters here, and a plate, recently found in the ruins of the house which he occupied, bears an inscription which shows this mansion to have been older than any existing in Canada to-day. It was built three years before the Jesuit's residence at Sillery. Here may be still seen the remnants of some of Montcalm's forts. Beauport was more than once under the fierce fire of Wolfe's guns during the Conquest. To-day it is a typical French-Canadian village, with irregular rows of white-washed stone cottages, whose steep gable roofs, huge chimneys and deep set dormer windows, give evidence of antiquity. Near the centre of the village is situated the famous Beauport Asylum.

### ISLAND OF ORLEANS.

A little further down stream is situated this "Garden of Canada," distinguished for the fertility of its soil, the excellence of its fruits, and the beauty of its location in the midst of the broad St. Lawrence. In 1535 Cartier explored this island, being cordially welcomed by the resident Indians, and feasted upon fish, honey and melons. Because of the luxuriant growth of the wild grape vines which he found he called the island the "Isle of Bacchus." A year later it received the name of "The Isle of Orleans," in honor of the Duke of Orleans, the son of Francis I. of France. At the time Wolfe laid siege to Quebec there were upon this island about 2,000 inhabitants with 5,000 cattle, and rich and productive farms. But one result of the fierce contest between the English

and the French, was the burning of nearly every house upon the isle, destruction of the cattle and the orchards, and the scattering of the inhabitants

In 1825 this island received a good deal of notoriety because of the fact that on its north shore were built the two largest timber ships that had up to that date been constructed. One was called *Columbus*, with a tonnage of 3,700, the other was named *Baron Renfrew*, having 3,000 tonnage.

The present inhabitants are temperate and hospitable, but unprogressive in their



BEAUPORT ASYLUM.

methods of farming, and still retain much of the Norman simplicity of the early settlers under Champlain and Frontenac.

The island is about twenty miles in length, and six miles in its greatest width, and contains about 50,000 acres.

"Seldom can the heart be lonely,  
If it seek a lonelier still,  
Self-forgetting, seeking only  
Empty cups of love to fill."





BUTTING TIMBER.







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